



How to survive the streets: a Shadowrun Chronicle



100 2 5

Chapter 1 by Giovanni Han

Jacque couldn't be beaten. A Metro Daimyo from the House of the Thousand Mirrors. Elusive, yet solid as a rock. Almost like the ghost of an ancient general.

Henry thought why it was him confronting that freak instead of his capable comrades. He was just a Rigger, and with the Anti-Electricity Field Activated he was useless without the connections to his heavily armed drone. He had THAT.

But he needed the right timing, he needed 3 seconds at last to use THAT weapon, that seemed to come from a Demon Lord rather than a Renraku Genius.

A bloody bath was coming, and he hoped it wouldn't be his.

Chapter 2 by Harlander



Jacque raised one fist in the air, and pointed to Henry with one finger. "Niche grenn mwen, masisi!" he spat. Henry didn't need a working linguasoft to tell that wasn't a friendly greeting.

"Look chummer, we're just trying to do some biz here," Henry said, his hands raised. "No need to get-"

A strange silence filled the street. The only noise was the exaggerated scraping sound of Jacque pulling his sword from its scabbard. It was some sort of Nepali talwar, the long, curved blade stamped with.. ah hell, blue glowing runes.

The few pedestrians in this street knew trouble when they saw it. Before a minute was out,

Jacque and Henry were alone. Jacque waved the sword in the air. "Come and get it, bount!" he yelled, before jumping forward.

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

scrambled back, weaving to put a now-abandoned meat-on-a-stick cart between him and Jacque.

He felt THAT purring in his mind. Two seconds...

Write a draft for chapter 3 of 8

i You need to login before writing - [click here](#)

Continue the story

☐ Flag as mature ☐ receive feedback

Submit draft

Write a comment...

[About](#) | [Rooms](#) | [Feedback](#) | [f](#) [@](#) [t](#)

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account